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Catharine of Argyll  
By F. J. Farmer

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# THE KING'S WAY

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of Argyll

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King's Way Series

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*Dedicated to the memory of my father,  
Livingston Johnson,  
great grandson of  
Daniel and Catharine Campbell White  
and son in the ministry of  
John Monroe*



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## My Ain Countree

I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aften whiles  
For the langed for hame—bringin' an' my Faither's  
welcome smiles  
And I'll ne'er be fu' content until mine e'en do see  
The garden gates of Heav'n an' my ain countree.  
The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony tinted, fresh an' gay;  
The birdies warble blithely for my Faither made them sae  
But these sights and these soun's will as nothing be to me  
When I hear the angels singin' in my ain countree.  
I've His gude word o'promise that some gladsome day, the King  
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring:  
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' owre, we shall see  
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countree.  
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair;  
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;  
For his bluid has made me white, an' His han' shall dry my e'e,  
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countree.

A SCOTCH HYMN

### SCOTCH-ENGLISH WORDS

ain — <i>own</i>	e'en — <i>eyes</i>	loch — <i>lake</i>
aften — <i>often</i>	fu' — <i>full</i>	mair — <i>more</i>
bluid — <i>blood</i>	gude — <i>good</i>	mony — <i>many</i>
countree — <i>country</i>	laird — <i>lord</i>	oor — <i>our</i>



# CATHARINE OF ARGYLL

## A Call to a Far Country

"O, Lord, if thou wilt just let him wake up and speak to me, I'll go anywhere thou doest bid us go—even to America. Dear Lord, wake him up, I beg thee." So Catharine Campbell White prayed, as she knelt by the side of her handsome preacher husband, Daniel White, in their home in Argyllshire, Scotland.

Catharine was the youngest daughter of a rich laird of Clan Campbell. Her wit, combined with unusual beauty and charm made her a favorite with young and old. She was a carefree girl, who found joy in parties and dancing.

About the year 1800 there came to Argyll in the Highlands rumors of a mighty preacher. "He is possessed of a devil," some said. Others answered, "No, he is truly a messenger sent from God, for we know many wicked men have repented through his preaching."

This much-discussed preacher belonged to a sect called "Baptist." He came to the neighborhood of Catharine's home and preached in a series of meetings. One night a gay group set out from "Roseneath," Catharine's home, to go to a dance.

A young man proposed: "Let's go first to hear that

preacher who is being so much talked about!"

"What fun that would be!" exclaimed one of the girls, and to the preaching place they went.

Although Catharine went for a lark, the preacher's words pierced right to her heart and showed her that she was a lost sinner. When she returned to her home, she had given her heart to the Saviour.

A tall, dark-haired, brown-eyed young man, a Lowlander named Daniel White was present at this same service. He had been reared in a home of staunch Presbyterian faith. As he listened to the great preacher's burning words, he, too, was convicted of sin and was converted. A number of these new Christians, among them Daniel and Catharine, came on a Sunday afternoon to a beautiful, quiet "loch," and were baptized. Almost immediately Daniel felt that God wanted him to be a preacher.

Catharine, changed in heart, no longer found pleasure in the amusements that had completely filled her life. She attended the church services bringing others with her. It is not strange that the young preacher fell in love with Catharine, nor that she returned his love.

When Daniel asked permission for their marriage, her father was angry indeed. It would be hard to consent for his daughter to marry at all, and to leave him, but for her—a Highlander of the Clan of Campbell of Argyllshire—to marry a Lowlander! Even more unthinkable—that Lowlander a preacher of the despised Baptists! How Father Campbell did storm! But he loved his daughter; and when he realized that her happiness depended upon her marrying Daniel White, he gave his consent, his blessing, and a rich dowry in gold coins. They were married on December 15, 1806, ten days after Catharine's twentieth birthday.

About sixty years before Daniel and Catharine were married, "Bonnie Prince Charles," claimant to the British throne, with his loyal Scotch Highlander followers, was defeated at Cullodan. The English army swept Scotland from end to end, seeking the rebels. The Prince escaped. Many Scotchmen emigrated to America, and hundreds settled in the southeastern corner of North Carolina. Daniel felt the call of God to preach to the descendants of these dauntless fellow-Scotch.

Catharine violently opposed the idea. She loved Daniel and she was willing to share with him the life of a lowly preacher in Scotland—but go to America? Never! Daniel was firm in his conviction that God was calling him to America; Catharine was equally firm in her determination not to go a step. With this determination Father Campbell was in hearty accord.

Daniel lost his appetite and was so depressed that his friends feared he would lose his mind. Then came the time when Catharine was awakened by his preaching and praying in his sleep. She called him, he did not answer; she shook him, he did not stir. In agony of fear that her opposition had caused him to become demented, she bowed in prayer. She promised to go anywhere—even to America, and begged the Lord to forgive her sin, to wake him up.

Finally Daniel's eyes opened; and he exclaimed as he sat up, "Oh Katie, my lass, why did you awaken me? I was in America doing God's will in preaching to my people there."

He described to her the church and the people to whom he was preaching, even the trimmings on the women's bonnets. "And, oh, how eagerly they were listening to God's message! Why did you call me back?"

The question of going to America was settled once and for all. To America they would go, unmistakably led by the hand of God.

## A Vision Realized

All preparations made and the painful partings over, the long, journey across the Atlantic was begun.

On October 7, 1807, the travelers landed at Charleston where they were received kindly by the Baptists and urged to remain.

Daniel, feeling strongly the urge to preach to his Scotch kinspeople, pushed on into North Carolina. They went to Wilmington, then to Lumber Bridge.

The Scotch did not receive the Baptist newcomers at all cordially; and in a few months when a call came to the pastorate of Welsh Neck Baptist Church in Society Hill, South Carolina, Daniel gladly accepted it. Here they lived for several years very happily among congenial friends and fellow workers.

One Sunday morning Daniel returned from the morning service with his face shining and exclaimed, "Katie, my lass, rejoice with me! I preached with a liberty that I have rarely had; in the midst of the sermon I realized that I was in the church preaching to the congregation of my vision in our 'ain countree.' The pine trees outside the window, the faces of the people—even the ornaments on the ladies' bonnets were the same. Ah, Katie, how marvelous are our Father's leadings."

Although his ministry in this historic church was fruitful and the surroundings pleasant, Daniel's heart kept turning to his own people in North Carolina; and he felt that he

must go back to them. Catharine, though loath to leave her comfortable home and her dearly loved friends, was true to her covenant with God to go anywhere he led. Sorrowfully saying good-by, she set out with Daniel for the other Carolina.

This time they decided to settle among the many Scotch colonists in Richmond (now Scotland) County. A big plantation was bought with Catharine's dowry gold; and work was begun cutting down trees, building a comfortable home, and cultivating the soil. Daniel paid scant attention to anything but his evangelistic mission; and the responsibility of managing home and plantation fell almost entirely on Catharine's shoulders.

She was always the business partner in their marriage; she knew how to get the slaves to work happily and at their best. She learned how to plant, to cultivate, and to reap; she became skilled in domestic arts. Because of her talents and her industry, Daniel was free to carry on his ministry with untroubled mind.

Often in the early days of conquering the forest and establishing a home, Catharine's heart would be heavy with homesickness for the "auld countree," and for her loved ones there. Then she would steal alone into the twilight and softly sing:

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want,  
He maketh met down to lie  
In pastures green, He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by."

Soothed by a consciousness of the Good Shepherd's presence, she would go back into the house, calm in mind and spirit.

When they went into North Carolina for the second

time, Daniel could find no place in which he was welcome to preach. So he stood in the middle of the old stage road leading from Fayetteville, North Carolina, to Cheraw, South Carolina, and preached to the people who lived beside the road. The Spirit of God came with mighty power on the preacher and on the people; and on May 23, 1813, not far from the place where this roadside service was held, Spring Hill Baptist Church, the first Baptist church in Richmond County, North Carolina, was organized, with Daniel White as pastor. The morning services were held in English; but as many of the older Highlanders knew little or no English, the afternoon services were in Gaelic, the language of their Scotch homeland.

## A Prayer Meeting All Night

"Look, Ma, a stranger has just driven up to the gate! Wonder who he is?" shouted one of the children late one afternoon of a day at the end of summer.

"Run to the barn and tell your father to step this way," replied Catharine, as she hastily took off her dark work apron and put on a crisp snow white one, hanging behind a door for just such an emergency. Smiling, she stepped to the porch to welcome the tall, travel-worn stranger, just as he saw Daniel coming around the house.

"Elder White, I presume? I was told down the road a piece that I could find you here. I am Luther Rice. I bespeak your favor and shelter for the night."

Luther Rice! Heartily they welcomed the distinguished visitor home from India. Daniel and Catharine were familiar with the story of Luther Rice's wonderful experience in being converted to the Baptist faith as he studied

the New Testament on shipboard en route to India as a missionary of the Congregational Board. Luther Rice on one ship, Adoniram and Ann Hasseltine Judson on another were all led to study the New Testament so they would know how to answer the great English missionary, William Carey, when he should question them about their practice of infant baptism.

As a result of their study all three became Baptists, though as Baptists they had no means of support. After long hours of prayer, and of consultation with Dr. Carey, the three young missionaries decided that Adoniram and Ann Judson would stay in the East and that Luther Rice would return to the States to start an organization whereby the Judsons might be supported and other missionaries sent out.

So Luther Rice came back immediately to this country and traveled up and down the states of the eastern seaboard with a horse and two-wheeled gig, preaching, teaching, organizing, using all his talents to awaken Baptists to a sense of their missionary responsibility. On one of his journeys he had come about sundown to the hospitable home of Daniel and Catharine White. These two pioneers had followed God's leading as truly as had Luther Rice and the Judsons.

"Now, Elder Rice, right tired you must be, I know, and dusty from the road. I, too, being just from the barn, feel the need of refreshing. Suppose we go down to the creek for a swim while Katie and the girls prepare supper. Then you may rest a bit before the crowd gathers. Fortunately this is Wednesday night when all the community gathers here for the prayer meeting." So off to the creek they went.

Returning with appetites whetted by the swim, they found the table set on the back porch. A snowy cloth which Catharine had brought "frae the auld countree" and which was reserved for very best had been brought from the chest; the prettiest dishes taken from the high shelf. Hominy grits, country ham, golden butter, hot biscuits, honey, clear as the crystal dish in which it was served, sweet milk cold from the springhouse, and coffee such as only a Scotch woman knew how to make brought the homeless traveler a deep sense of gratitude for the mercy of God that led him hither after an unusually long hard day. There was not time for lingering after the meal was finished though all were fascinated by the conversation of the visitor.

Catharine and the girls, assisted by old Penny, the faithful helper in the kitchen, cleared the table and set the house in order. Luther Rice was escorted to the "prophet's chamber" for a little rest. At her mother's request Anna went to the piano that Father Campbell had sent across the seas and played some quiet tunes.

Soon the neighbors began to come in, filling every available place. Out on the back porch, sitting where they could see and hear, the slaves gathered, eager to hear the word of the Lord. After an opening hymn and prayer, Luther Rice was introduced. The Holy Spirit was present and Luther Rice preached as even he rarely preached. People were moved, prayers were offered, testimonies were given; again Luther Rice preached. Hymns were sung and more testimonies were given—so that the prayer meeting lasted until the break of day. Just at sunrise the whole congregation went down to the Lumbee River, and Daniel baptized John Monroe, a young man converted that night.

Then the friends and neighbors bade the distinguished preacher goodby and went to their homes. After breakfast and a few hours of rest, Luther Rice borrowed a fresh horse from Daniel and set out for South Carolina, promising to stop some months later to exchange horses as he made his way back to Washington.

## "Far Frae My Hame"

After Luther Rice's visit the missionary fires burned even more brightly in Daniel's and Catharine's hearts. Daniel, more fitted to be an itinerant missionary, left his church at Spring Hill more and more to young John Monroe, and traveled in his buggy through eastern North Carolina, preaching the gospel, calling men and women, boys and girls to repentance, organizing churches, baptizing converts. He was a self-appointed, self-supported missionary. He had no convention behind him, for there was no convention; he was not a missionary of a board, for there was no board. He went out alone, trusting God, and sowing the seeds of gospel truth.

Catharine stayed to keep the home fires burning, to manage the farm, and to train children. Uncomplainingly she accepted the separation, endured the hardships of pioneer life, and carried the heavy home responsibilities.

While Daniel was away on his long missionary journeys, Catharine was a great help in the little Spring Hill church. John Monroe, the assistant pastor, constantly looked to her for guidance; and her wisdom and piety came to be recognized in all the surrounding country.

Feeling deeply the obligation that Christian women have for making the Saviour known in all the world, she

gathered the women of the neighborhood in her home and organized one of the earliest Woman's Missionary Societies.

"Luther Rice in a letter written from Washington, D. C., dated April 25, 1822, said:

'A Female Society has been formed in Richmond County, North Carolina, under circumstances that promise usefulness. This was effected by the zeal and piety of a solitary female, and if but one such female could be found in each church, hundreds of similar societies might be originated, and an incalculable sum of good accomplished.'

"The solitary female of whom Rev. Luther Rice was speaking was Mrs. Catharine Campbell White, wife of Rev. Daniel White."<sup>1</sup>

For the children—the "bairns" as she called them in her Scotch tongue—Catharine formed a "Mite Society." This society and the Female Society both met regularly.

They studied God's Word; they listened to the reading of missionary news from *The Columbian*, a Baptist paper published by Luther Rice; they prayed earnestly for the Judsons, for Luther Rice and for the heathen. Not only did they pray, but they brought gifts of money to be sent to Luther Rice. They prayed, too, for the Croatan Indians who were their neighbors, for the Negroes who lived around them, and for "Elder White" as he journeyed preaching the word.

Catharine realized that many of the women who were deeply interested had very little money for missionary work, but they could give eggs and butter, fruit, and vegetables. MacLeod's Hotel, on the state road about ten miles distance, needed these products. Catharine arranged with the proprietors to buy at a fair price the missionary gifts which she

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1. Editorial, *Biblical Recorder* February 22, 1933

would deliver. Friday was agreed upon as the day for delivery.

Each Thursday the women came, bringing fresh eggs, golden butter, carefully gathered and packed fruit and vegetables. In the early dawn of Friday morning, Catharine, accompanied by one of the children or a faithful servant, set out in her well-loaded carriage. Each woman's produce was kept separate so the proceeds from each could be carefully accounted for.

The members of the children's Mite Society needed money every month too. To them Catharine said, "Cut broom straw; split kindling wood; gather walnuts and hickory nuts—I will buy all you bring me."

Sometimes they grew tired of their tasks, but most of them were ready to put their money in the basket, that had been woven of willow branches, just for the Mite Society. They learned many songs, memorized Bible verses and listened with interest to stories about the Burmese children which came from Adoniram and Ann Hasseltine Judson.

In addition to these missionary societies, Catharine was largely responsible for the Wednesday night prayer meeting.

## "When Through Fiery Trials"

On an autumn day of 1824, Daniel, who was then forty-eight years old, started out on one of his missionary tours. He was to return in October in ample time to attend a meeting of the association in the church that he had served as pastor. The days flew by swiftly, for it was harvest time. The corn had to be gathered, the cotton picked, and all prep-

arations made for winter. Catharine led in this work; the children and the slaves were her willing helpers.

At length the day for Daniel's return came. In the afternoon Catharine went to see a sick neighbor, intending to return in time to greet her husband. The girls promised to have a good supper ready and to make final preparations for the trip next day to Welsh Neck.

Just as she started home she saw a dear friend, Mrs. Gilchrist, coming to meet her. Mrs. Gilchrist kept the little post office to which mail was brought at irregular intervals from "Shoeheel" (now Maxton), the nearest town.

"Mrs. White, I heard when I went to your home that you had come to see Mary McLean, and I decided to come to walk home with you," said Mrs. Gilchrist.

Catharine was surprised, for Mrs. Gilchrist was a very busy woman, but she was pleased with this attention. As they walked along the road amid the flaming beauty of autumn leaves, Catharine was bubbling over with joy. She told Mrs. Gilchrist that Daniel would be home before supertime, that all preparations were made for the trip to Welsh Neck, and that she was eagerly anticipating seeing old friends there.

As they neared the White home, Mrs. Gilchrist said, "Let's sit down on this log awhile."

Again Catharine was surprised, but she sat down as requested.

Mrs. Gilchrist took from her pocket a black-bordered letter. She handed it to Catharine saying, "This came for you today. I fear that it has grievous tidings."

Catharine slowly opened the letter. Daniel had become suddenly and seriously ill while he was preaching. He was

taken to the home of a godly Presbyterian elder in Pender County. All that tender hands and the medical skill available could do for him was done, but just a week earlier than the day that the letter, bearing the sad message, reached Catharine, the Lord called him to come through

*"... the garden gates of Heaven  
To his ain countree."*

Mrs. Gilchrist comforted Catharine as well as she could, repeating promises from God's Word, offering a prayer that God would comfort this grief-stricken friend.

When Catharine became calmer, and dried her tears she said, "We must go now and tell the bairns."

As soon as she could have a simple tombstone made, Catharine, accompanied by her son, her loyal friend Mrs. Gilchrist, and Solomon, her faithful servant, set out in her carriage to find her husband's grave. At length they reached Mr. Henry's home just at night fall. Late into the night they talked with those kind friends, who told them the details of those last sad days.

The next morning Mr. Henry accompanied them to the burying ground and pointed out the mound under which rested the mortal remains of Daniel White. The tombstone was put in place, Catharine helping with her own hands. Then the long journey home was made.

## "E'en Down to Old Age"

In spite of her sorrow Catharine continued her leadership in the community and in the missionary societies; she helped make the Wednesday evening neighborhood prayer meetings vitally interesting; she was the wise counselor in all the church work. On September 25, 1855, under her

leadership, the Richmond Temperance and Literary Society was organized.

Both men and women were admitted to the society, which had as its object "Uncompromising hostility to intemperance and an untiring zeal for the advancement of literature and art." In the meetings a few books that had been gathered in a public library were exchanged; the principles of total abstinence were studied; compositions were read, and there were lively debates on timely subjects.

Everywhere Catharine was a ministering angel of mercy. Busy as she was with her own family and farm, she was never too busy to answer a call of distress. After Daniel's death she was even more devoted in comforting the bereaved, in helping the needy. Doctors were few in those days; Catharine, with a few simple remedies always in her buggy, was ever ready to do what she could.

Once when smallpox was raging among the Indians in Scuffletown, no one made any move to help. But as rumors became more dreadful, Catharine Campbell White became more restless. One afternoon, she loaded her bags into her buggy and rode off. About sundown, a little boy arrived with a note for Mary, Catharine's daughter, saying she had gone to Scuffletown. The note directed that Solomon, a trusted servant, should meet her on the edge of the Croatan District next morning with certain things she asked for.

The family was horrified beyond expression.

"She mustn't stay there, she mustn't," wailed Mary.

"But who's gwine ter fetch her back," said Solomon, "and as for me, I'm sho gwine to fetch her the things she sent for."

When Catharine reached the Croatan section, she saw no human being.

"Heigh oh! Heigh oh!" she called cheerily.

A door opened slowly. A gaunt man, holding a rifle, appeared.

"Go back, sickness here, smallpox!"

"So I heard," called Catharine. "Call those dogs, and come take my horse."

"You mustn't heard me, Miz White. I said smallpox, wife and two young ones, and one dead already!"

Catharine was getting out of the buggy. "Come here, Jim Berry, take my horse and bring my things into this house."

The place was so foul that the odor almost staggered her, but she went in.

"Open the window, and let's get some air in here," she exclaimed.

There they lay, the almost dying woman, the sick child, the dead baby. Catharine fought back the wave of sick horror and went to work.

"As soon as this water boils, I'll fix you up. You'll feel much better directly."

Outside, under a stunted oak, Jim dug a short trench. He came in and from the far corner of the room gently took up in his arms a little bundle wrapped in burlap; then he motioned to Catharine.

"Can you say a burial service, Miz White?"

"Yes, Jim, come on." There in the sad and uncertain moonlight, as weary Jim leaned on his spade, Catharine reverently said, "I am the resurrection . . . as a flower of the field . . . of few days and full of trouble . . . though he were dead, yet shall he live again. God take this child. Jim has done his best. Have mercy upon us all for Christ's sake, Amen."

Jim raised his bowed head, "Thankee ma'am, Miz White."

There were more than twenty cases of smallpox in Scuffletown; and Catharine walked through these pest houses, cheering, healing, unscathed while the days slid into weeks. When the terrible scourge was clearing away and the people on the road to recovery, she sent for Solomon to meet her with fresh clothes. Putting these on, she dumped the discarded ones on dry leaves and burned them, then returned home happy and healthy.

Preacher Monroe said, "You shouldn't have done it."

"It was the only way, John," she replied, composedly. "Your father in Christ could never reach those people, although heaven knows he tried. You couldn't reach them. Least of all could I reach them until this opportunity came. It was the hand of Providence, lad. Within another week the danger will have passed, and before I left they had all promised to come down to Fairley's Ford next Sunday to hear you preach."

The years slipped by; the daughters and son married; grandchildren brightened her life. The clouds of war darkened the skies; and, with many others from the peaceful community, Catharine's grandsons were in the War between the States. Despite her own heavy heart, she was unfailing in her helpfulness in hours of anxiety and sorrow. The little church was sadly depleted in strength; but John Monroe, the old men and young boys, the women and the girls were untiring in their attendance at the services, and in keeping the missionary fires aglow.

At the beginning of the war, Catharine was in prosperous circumstances, because of her rich dowry from her father, her keen business sagacity, and her indefatigable in-

dust; then when circumstances changed, though nearly eighty, she girded her strength and set to work afresh. But it was not for long; during the year following the end of the war she was paralyzed, and only partially recovered. Loving children and grandchildren did all they could to bring comfort and cheer to their beloved one; and poverty-stricken though they were, they never let her lack for anything.

On Sunday, January 20, 1867, she read from her worn Bible; late in the afternoon she took up the "Psalmody" to read some of the sweet songs of Zion, but the book fell from her hand. For nine days she was unconscious, until on January 29, she went to be forever with her Lord, realizing fully the blessedness of

*" . . . His gude word o'promise that some  
gladsome day, the King  
To His ain royal palace His banished  
hame will bring;  
Wi'een and wi' hert rinnin' owre, we shall  
see  
The King in His beauty, in oor ain  
countrie."*



206 Ashe Court  
Raleigh, N.C.  
October 8-

Dear Miss Thornton.

I thank you  
for your request for Sacrifice and  
Song. I am glad to send  
you a copy. With my good wishes  
I am also enclosing with this  
a copy of a little reading booklet  
for children. "Catherine of  
Argyll" was my father's great-  
grandmother. Both these  
were written at the request  
of the Home Missions  
Union, Auxiliary to the Southern  
Baptist Convention.

Sincerely your friend  
- Jay Johnson Barnes







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